*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
*Car.* Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
*Dut.* I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
*Dut.* How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.
*Yor.* Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
Twas ful two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
*Dut.* I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
*Yor.* Granam, his Nurse.
*Dut.* Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
*Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
*Qu.* A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
*Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the child.
*Qu.* Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
*Car.* Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
*Dor.* Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
*Qu.* How fares the Prince?
*Dor.* Well, Madame, and in health.
*Dut.* What is the newes then?
*Dor.* Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
*Dut.* Who hath commited them?
*Dor.* The mightie Dukes, Cloceſter and Buckingham.
*Car.* For what offence?
*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to iet,

Vpon



Vpon the innocent and law
Welcome destruction, deat
I see as in a Mappe the end
*Dut.* Accursed and vnq
How many of you haue mi
My husband lost his life to
And often vp and downe m
For me to ioy and weepe th
And being seated, and dom
Cleane ouerblown, themsel
Make war vpon themselue
Selfe against selfe, O prepo
And franticke outrage, end
Or let me die to looke on d
*Q.* Come, come, my boy
*Dut.* Ile go along with yo
*Qu.* You haue no cause.
*Car.* My Gracious Ladie
And thither beare your tre
For my part, Ile resigne y
The Seale I keepe, and so
As well I tender you, and
Come, Ile conduct you to
*The Trumpets sound. E*
*Gloceſter, and Bucking*
*Buc.* Welcome sweete
*Glo.* Welcome deare Co
The wearie way hath mad
*Prin.* No Vncle, but ou
Haue made it tedious, wea
I want more Vncles here to
*Glo.* Sweet Prince, the y
Hath not yet dived into th
Nor more can you distingu
Then of his outward shew
Seldome or neuer iumpeth
Those Vncles which you
Your Grace attended to th
But lookt not on the poyt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34